SCRIPT FOR:

“Not Your Ordinary Day”

37:06

DESTINY (emcee):  Brandon, in his second semester at CCBC studying cyber security. His hobbies include riding motor-cycles, working on cars and listening to music. His story reveals how a close knit Baltimore community can deal with a crisis. So everyone remain seated and give him a warm round of applause.

BRANDON: Ok yeah does that sound good? Okay work with me because I still am getting the jitters out. So we will take y’ all back to the summer of 2001, I woke up around 11am, just like any other 13 year-old boy would do in Baltimore City. I brushed my teeth headed downstairs to see what my mother had made for breakfast, scrapple and eggs with white toast, which wasn’t no surprise, due to it’s cheap cost and ability to stretch between the seven of us in the house. After I finished eating, I shot back upstairs to throw some clothes on and run outside to find my friends. As I left out of the door, I didn’t realize that this wouldn’t be your ordinary day.

So I walked down the front steps of my house, waving and speaking to my older neighbors who were already outside on their porches enjoying the bright, sunny day and everyday entertainment of city life. As I walked up the street, reciting the lyrics to the new Project Pat song that just came out, I see my boy Swizz sitting out on his front porch so I yell out Yurp!, which “yurp” is equivalent to saying what’s up in Baltimore.So Swizz returned the Yurp! Back as I walked up to him-- his porch and dapped him up which is a special handshake between friends. Swizz was my best friend, he was 2 years older than me but that didn’t matter because either I was mature for my age or Swizz was immature for his age. But Swizz was one of the coolest dudes I had come across since I first moved to Walbrook Junction the winter before, he treated me with mutual respect since day one. We sat out on the porch listening to Project Pat’s “Mista Don’t Play” album, waiting for our other friends to come outside so we can figure out what we wanted to do for the day. Not long after, we was joined on the porch by Kendall and Corey. And For a few hours we sat on the porch like some old men talking about anything that comes across our mind such as girls, the cars that we want to have when we get older and things that happened around the neighborhood. After we sat around for as long as we could we got bored and decided to go shoot some hoops up at the basketball court, so off we went.

When we arrived at the basketball court, we see that there are already people running a full court game, mostly consisting of the other neighborhood kids I wouldn’t consider my friends but more so associates. We sat on the sidelines waiting for the game to be over so we could jump in and face the winning team. After about 30-40 minutes of waiting, the game was finally over only for one of the guys to yell “AYO, RUN IT BACK!”, which meant it was going to be a rematch so we decided to leave. Hours had passed since we all met up on Swizz’s porch, Corey and Kendall decided to go home to get something to eat and meet back up with Swizz and I later. So Swizz said  “Let’s go over Jamaican-yo’s house”, I said cool and off we went. Jamaican-yo was an older Jamaican guy in his mid-forties that lived around the neighborhood and would look out for the younger kids, dropping knowledge on us and telling us what we should and shouldn’t be doing. We called him Jamaican-yo because his name was too long to pronounce. Going to Jamaican-yo’s house was like going to the zoo, he had a house full of animals, he had everything from pit-bulls, to parrots, to iguanas that he would let us come in and see or play with. So As we were walking to his house, we seen smoke billowing into the air. We began to run to hurry and see where the smoke was coming from and discovered the top floor of a house, only three doors down from Jamaican-yo’s house was on fire.

Swizz and I didn’t take any time to jump into action, I ran to the house that was on fire and begin to beat on the door and Swizz beat on the door of the neighbor’s house that was attached. I can’t speak for Swizz but my heart was beating fast from the adrenaline pumping through my veins and the thought of someone being trapped inside the burning house. So We could hear the wood crackling from the extreme heat and then a loud shatter from the upstairs windows bursting under pressure. Swizz began to bang on to beat on the neighbor’s window causing it to shatter, and then the door swung open to an angry elderly man and woman of course wondering who broke their glass and why, but then they realized the house next-door was on fire. So Swizz helped the elderly couple to the other side of the street as I jumped over the railing and ran to the side of the house to grab the water hose. My heart was beating even faster as I begin to dodge falling debris that was still on fire. I pulled the hose to the front of the house and began to spray water through the upstairs window that had a beautiful, orange flame rolling out of it as if it was dancing. The more I sprayed, the bigger the flame seemed to grow when all of a sudden I see the front door fly open, it was Jamaican-yo! He had busted through the back door, checked the whole house before running out of the front door. I dropped the water hose and we both ran away from the engulfed house as the fire had gotten too hot to be even within 40 feet of it. About two minutes later fire trucks and police were on the scene, and begin to battle the blaze. We explained to one of the firefighters that no one was in the house and all that we had done to try and help the situation. The crowd of onlookers grew and I repeated my story over and over again until I was done being asked what happened? Ironically I found out later that that was an electrical fire so the water hose probably wasn’t a good idea. But I tried.

Later that day, Mrs. Cook came to my house and asked me what happened? Mrs. Cook was in charge of the neighborhood watch and also the nosiest neighbor we had. By the end of my story, Mrs. Cook had given me a hug and told me that she would be calling the newspaper to report my heroic acts. I didn’t feel like a hero, just a kid doing the right thing but uh one thing was for certain, this day would be one to remember because this was not your ordinary day.